

The Butchers' Taste.

COME each loyal Briton, who loves king and nation,
I'll tell you a story of this corporation;
The tale shall be true, sure no one can deny it,
The magistrates may, if they will, take and try it.

Derry down, down, hey, derry down.

The burgesses willing at all times to stand,
And shew their great zeal for the good of the land;
Instructed their members, but O fie upon it!
They'd judge for themselves, and so no more on it.

The Middlesex cheat did take our attention,
The wrongs Britons suffer'd I need not to mention;
When Wilkes, by majority, gain'd his election,
The commons refus'd to give him protection.

Newcastle, where loyalty ever was shewn,
Resolv'd a petition to send to the throne;
When Sir W—l—r declar'd without e'er a stand,
"Before I will sign it, I'll lose this right hand."

And R—d—y, that subtle betrayer of Tyne,
With his worthy colleague, refus'd to sign;
The petition was carried without their assistance,
'Tis pity such mortals should be in existence.

Sir W—l—r, with other great men now in power,
Resolv'd the poor freemen to rob of their moor;
Till brave Serjeant Glynn, with his eloquence great,
Both pleaded our cause, and gave them the defeat.

Sir W—l—r, not yet quite ashamed of his part,
Has declar'd himself candidate with a good heart,
With the Old Fox's son, who to Morpeth may go,
Where the freemen will on him their blessings bestow.

Sir M—tt—w, Sir W—l—r, what are you about,
Why all this confusion, this canvassing-rout,
To ensnare us poor Britons, and make us all slaves?
"No, we will be free when you'r laid in your graves."

The burgesses met, and consider'd their case,
Resolv'd that Newcastle they'd free from disgrace;
Accordingly sent, and invited to town,
Two gentlemen worthy of fame and renown.

The brave Capt. Phipps and Delaval bold,
Two Britons more worthy you cannot behold,
They accepted our offer, and straightway came down,
To the joy and delight of each freeman in town.

The news being come of the candidates near,
Some thousands assembl'd to welcome them here;
The horses they took from their coach in a minute,
And drew in those worthies so fit for the senate.

Such public rejoicing sure never were known,
From the turnpike in Gateshead to the heart of the town,
The bells they did ring, and the guns they did fire,
To welcome brave Phipps, with his friend the good 'squire.

Next day to the Surgeons' hall straight they repair,
(Guilshall was deny'd by our worshipful mayor,)
When Phipps he most nobly declar'd his intention,
And Delaval too, which I cannot but mention.

Their speeches were eloquent, noble, and just,
Becoming two Britons so worthy of trust;
When hands were desir'd, how can I express
The ardour each shew'd to wish them success.

With pleasure next morning the candidates came
To the Bricklayers' hall, for to canvass the same,
When only three present did favour transgression,
The rest, my dear boys, were the foes of oppression.

The company of butchers, abounding in merit,
So loyal at heart, and so noble in spirit,
From one hundred and thirty assembled, we see
One hundred and twenty were for liberty.

The joiners, house carpenters, shipwrights and others,
With masons and mariners, all loyal brothers,
Like true sons of Britain, with joy in their face,
Resolv'd that no longer they'd suffer disgrace.

Majority great in most comp'nies they got,
But the large den of slaves, which I'd nearly forgot;
Yet some there were loyal, whose names then will shine
When victory crowns the brave sons of the Tyne.

Although the excisemen have studied more lies,
The blockheads we laugh at, their nonsense despise;
Such slaves to ambition, such tools to the great,
We surely will spurn wherever we meet.

May Liberty never want friends to maintain
A cause that's so glorious, our freedom to gain;
May the nation all over approve our design,
And drink great success to the sons of the Tyne.